

No Trigger

"Three Month Weekend"

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(T. Sly/C. Shiflett/M. Riddle/R. Koff)
It's a Thursday morning, four a.m. and
You wont let me go
If tomorrow comes I guess I'll
Never know
Even in the darkest hour it's the brightest
Time of day
Even when I go to bed I'm still awake
Eyes held up with toothpicks and my jaw
Is going off
I will never leave you or admit that I
Was wrong
There's so many things I'd like to say, I'm
Foaming at the mouth
Maybe I could write, my pen is
Hallowed out
I've got ideas and inventions and I'd use
Them if I could
Stop waking up the next day when
They're all no good
Please don't say another word, I know
Your story well
Conversations take two but I'm talking
To myself
Now I need an alibi and everything I
Did was true
But every word I said was just a lie

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